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Title: The History of Bal-Anon Dak

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The history of my  
life would be that of  
an ordinary man  
except for one thing.  
It happened on the day  
of my seventh  
birthday.

For the most part of  
my early childhood  
years I was a sickly  
boy who was very  
fortunate to have his  
parents to care for  
him. We lived in a  
small unassuming  
village next to the sea  
in northern Britannia.  
It was a quiet life. My  
parents owned a spice  
shop which catered to  
the needs of ordinary  
folks and so generally  
only carried common  
spices and things  
people would use in  
the routine of their  
daily lives. These  
years were good to me  
and my family had a  
good life.

Until my seventh  
year.

That year we managed  
to survive a plague. It  
lasted for months and  
many families were  
decimated. I lost all  
my childhood friends  
as the children were  
the most susceptible to  
the disease. The  
destruction of the  
plague was  
compounded by the  
inaction of Lord

British's nobility  
which had been too  
slow to act on the  
warnings of the  
plague's coming and  
selfish in the  
dispensing of help to  
the citizens under  
their rule.

Fortunately we still  
had each other and a  
roof over our heads.  
We were of the few  
who survived intact as  
a family. My parents  
were encouraged that I  
had survived the  
plague without ever  
getting ill.

That same year, after  
all the sickness that  
somehow I had  
escaped, I became very  
ill. My parents were  
extremely distraught.  
The disease ravaged  
my small body and I  
was frequently the  
subject of horrible  
seizures and  
delirium. Vainly they  
turned to the many  
cures and remedies  
available in the land. It  
was to no avail and my  
parents thought me  
lost to the God of  
Death. Priest were  
made to come and  
implore the Gods  
to heal me. Their pleas  
were utterly defeated.  
And so, finally my  
parents came to accept  
the impending doom  
awaiting me. The last  
monk to see me had  
grimly informed my  
father that I would no  
survive my birthday.

It was that morning  
when a stranger  
appeared in town.  
People feared him at  
once, sensing an aura  
of immense power

that surrounded him.  
Yet he never came to  
town but remained  
camped just outside  
the village near the  
resting place of our  
fathers. This was  
considered an evil  
omen and many in the  
village pondered on  
ways to get him to  
leave; all the while  
knowing full well  
none had even the  
courage to approach  
him.

But fear was no match  
for the determination  
of a mother for her  
boy. Summoning all  
her courage, she  
brought my deathly ill  
body to the man that  
he might succeed  
where all had quickly  
failed before. Bitterly  
she listened as he told  
her that death was a  
passing thing and that  
we all were meant to  
die.

I still remember his  
deep dark eyes as the  
penetrated me for the  
first time. They  
filled me with a cold  
strength that allowed  
me to lift my head for  
the first time in days.  
"Child", he said, "Doest  
thou fear death?" I  
responded: "Nay  
Master, it will free  
me of my sickness.  
All my life I have  
been sick. I know  
death, I have felt it  
near me often. In  
truth, life is cruel  
and death is not." At  
those words he  
marveled: "This from  
the mouth of a child.  
But, you are not yet  
free of your burden  
yet child." He then

healed me.

As I grew into my  
adult years I found  
him on occasions and  
his tutorship has  
melded me into the  
wizard I am today. I  
aim to match his  
power and be worthy  
of the assessment he  
made of me when I  
was a child. Further,  
I quest to put down the  
tyrannical rule of  
Lord British's nobility  
that I hold so dearly  
responsible for the  
suffering of so many  
people.  
I serve Oblivion.

Entropy is a sweet  
embrace to me.